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BY P. C. SULLIVAN.

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The Girl of the Period.

[From the Technologist.]

A conclusive proof of the utter fal-
lacy of the Darwinian hypothesis is
found in the character of that specimen
of the genus homo that is familiarly
known to us as the "girl of the period."
If we accept the universal testimony of
the writers for the press, we must
arrive at the conclusion that the chil-
dren of the virtuous woman have disap-
peared, and that no representative of
the wise and diligent housekeeper, so
faithfully portrayed in the thirty-first
chapter of Proverbs, is now to be found.
And yet it is evident that the law of
self preservation was obeyed in the
very highest degree by this same virtu-
ous woman of Solomon. "She girded
her loins with strength, and strength-
ened her arms." "She was not afraid of
the snow for her household, for all her
household were clothed with scarlet."
"She rose while it was yet night, and
she gave meat to her household and a
portion to her maids." And yet, in
spite of her strength, good food and
good clothing, her descendants have all
disappeared. That the children of her
who evinced so much capacity to pro-
vide for herself and others should be
blown off the stage and crowded out of
existence by the progeny of the strange
woman and the fool, shows not only
that the battle is not to the strong nor
the race to the swift, but also that the
ability to procure the means of subsis-
tence is no measure of the tenacity of
existence possessed by any species. If,
therefore, we believe these scribblers,
we must conclude that natural selection
is a delusion and a snare, and that the
Darwinian hypothesis has no better
foundation than the "airy fabric of a
vision!"

As, however, the girl of the period
has had every newspaper writer under
the deepest obligations from the fact
that, during the times of the greatest
dearth of material for articles, she has
furnished an ever ready theme with
which to fill a column, and thus to earn
the usual penny-a-line, we will endeavor
to discharge, in some small measure, the
debt that we owe to her by giving at
least a little earnest consideration to
the prominent circumstances of her
case. The subject is a noble and a
worthy one; and therefore, abandoning
badinage and nonsense, let us consider
it in all its seriousness.

The cry that earnest and noble
women are daily becoming more rare;
that the places of the brave hearted and
gentle are usurped by the frivolous and
dissipated, is one that is by no means
new. Two hundred years ago, the wits
of England indulged in the same cant,
and said the same smart things in re-
gard to the same matter; and long be-
fore that time, the prophet had asked
the people of his day why they said that
"the former days were better than
these," and rebuked them roundly by
telling them that they "did not con-
sider wisely concerning this matter."

We have heard many "reverend gran-
dies," both with and without pedicants,
dwelling at length upon the degeneracy
of the men and women of the present
day; no days like the old days; no
such wise men now as those who laid
their sage hands on their young heads;
no such mothers as their mothers, and,
inferentially, no such young men and
women now as they were in their
prime. Away with such cant! The
times are as bright to-day as they ever
were since human history began to re-
cord the changes of the years; statistics
show that the men of to-day are larger,
stronger, longer-lived, and less vicious
than those that lived five hundred years

ago, and amongst the women there are
heaps as brave and true, natures as
warm and affectionate, minds as intelli-
gent and souls as noble, as ever existed
amongst our grandmothers, of either
sex. Our girls may, perhaps, dress
more gaily, and perhaps they enjoy
amusements more keenly than did the
women of the last century; but what of
that? If the chemist of the period is
able to produce aniline colors so brilli-
ant as almost to rival the famed Tyrian
purple, shall his sister—the girl of the
period—be condemned to wear dingy
madder? And if better education and
wider opportunities have enabled her to
enjoy a Chickering or a Steinway piano,
is it to be supposed that she will remain
content to listen to a shepherd's reed or
a cornstalk fiddle? These old croakers
forget two things: in the first place,
that the grandmothers of the period
were once girls themselves, as wild as
any girls that we have now; and
secondly, that the greater refinement,
the higher education, and the nobler
views of the modern girl, are things
that the old fogies who have descended
to us from a former generation are
totally unable to understand. That the
girl of the period is perfectly able to
rough it, perfectly able to live in a log
house, milk the cows and tend the ba-
bies, we have no doubt, for we have
seen her do it on more than one occa-
sion, when necessity required. But if
she should prefer the coarse associations
that accompany a life of what is called
roughing it, to the refined and elevating
influences that in the nineteenth cen-
tury have made our Christian homes
the nurseries of modern civilization, she
would deny her birthright, and prove
false to the intellectual and social op-
portunities with which she has been so
marvellously blessed. When Mrs.
Stowe and her sister held up for our
admiration and imitation the women
of their young days—days when "a
bride was married with sheets and table-
cloths of her own weaving, with coun-
terpanes and toilet covers wrought in
divers embroidery by her own and her
sisters' hands"—they seek to recall
times that have passed away, we hope,
for ever. As these ladies well observe,
"these remarkable women of old were
made by circumstances; we can only
add a hope that neither the women nor
the circumstances will ever be repro-
duced on this planet. In their own
departments, for the tired muscles of
the weary worker, men have substitut-
ed muscles of iron, sinews of steel, and
nerves of brass, propelled by hearts
and lungs that can never tire while the
coal fields of Pennsylvania hold out;
and shall we condemn our wives and
daughters to the humdrum of the spin-
ning wheel and the distaff? No, in-
deed. Even the sewing machine is bad
enough, and it won't be long ere some
of us succeed in harnessing the physical
forces to it, so as to give the tired limbs
of the sewing girl a holiday.

It is a singular fact that we often
meet people who, having come down to
us from the days of stage coaches, two-
shilling postage and whale oil lights,
are anxious to revive the habits and
education of these old times in the days
of gas, telegraphs and lightning express
trains. Their highest ambition is to
have clean linen, make good butter and
save money—points that are all very
commendable, but that do not altogether
fulfill the requirements of modern civil-
ization. These people forget that a
wider civilization involves wider neces-
sities. They tell us to limit our de-
sires, being ignorant of the truth, that
the extent of our desires is the measure
of our culture, and that their advice is
like telling a man to cut off his feet
when he wants boots. And so persist-
ent are these *seu-diant* sages in recom-
mending us to restrict our desires and
"simplify" our tastes, to confine our-
selves to the gratification of homely
pleasures, which, with them, signifies
the obtaining of mere material neces-
saries (and pork and beans at that), that
we often feel tempted to turn from
them in disgust, and to exclaim: "Give
me the luxuries of life, and I will
dispense with the necessities."

These thoughts have been forced
upon us by the evident changes that
must take place in the education of
our young women, as well as of our
young men. While we deprecate any
system that would tend to convert the
latter into mere tenders of machines,
much more should we condemn any
system, the tendency of which would
be to degrade the former below even
this humble level, and convert them
into the machines themselves. We do
not want spinning machines, sewing
machines or knitting machines for
wives; we want women, and that all
around us there is abundant material
for the production of good women, ma-
terial which it requires, but proper

education to develop, we feel perfectly
satisfied. All this twaddle about the
degeneracy of women is the silliest kind
of non-sense.

That we are in a transitory state;
that in passing from the rude culture
of our forefathers to the higher educa-
tion that awaits us, we have reached a
somewhat anomalous condition, no one
can for a moment doubt. But the fault
lies with the times, and with the pecu-
liar conditions of human progress, and
not with the girl of the period. Beneath
the aniline dyed garments of to-day
there are hearts as true and warm as
ever beat beneath the linsey woolsey of a
hundred years ago; the eyes that luxu-
riate upon the beauties that fill our
modern homes are as fond and bright
as those that watched the shadows on
the log walls of our ancestors; and the
fingers that draw delicious music from
the piano, are no less deft and gentle
in the sick room, than those that spun
the coarse garments of by-gone years,
and miked the cows that grazed in
long past meadows.

Tree Planting.

[From the Farmer.]

Mr. Miller, of Milwaukie, has
promptly responded to the inquiry in
regard to the proper season for planting
out fruit trees and shrubs. He says,
if the soil be friable, mellow and drain-
ed, the fall is the best time for doing
that work. He has had the experience
of eighteen years in orchard planting,
and he ought to be able to settle the
question.

Mr. Miller says that but few of our
best keeping apples can be sent to dis-
tant markets. We judge, from his
remarks, that some varieties are failing
in keeping qualities. Among them is
the Roxbury Russet. This apple never
appeared to us to be true to its name.
It is not of the shape of the Massa-
chusetts Roxbury Russet, and does not
possess its aroma or keeping qualities
—at least, this is our judgment. In the
East, some apples are failing as good
keepers, and fruit culturists are seeking
among the multitudes of new varieties
presented for public favor, others to
take their places. They profess to have
obtained new and promising long keep-
ing varieties.

Some pains have been taken here by
nurserymen to procure scions from the
bearing trees for propagation. The
disposition of our nurserymen is to keep
up with all fruit improvement, either
on this or the eastern side of the
mountains. The American Pippin or
Grindstone Apple keeps well enough,
but it is a poor substitute for a good apple.
If a farmer desires an orchard for
family use, he should select trees to be
in season from July to the next June,
if possible. In this case he requires
many varieties. If he wishes fruit for
drying, he should make selections that
will answer his purpose. Sweet fruit
is not popular as a dried fruit; it should
be sub acid always. If the farmer de-
sires late keeping fruit, for sale in dis-
tant markets, the list given by Mr. Mil-
ler—until we have other late-keeping,
marketable varieties—is probably as
good as any. For home consumption
and market, we want varieties of apples
ripening successively from the begin-
ning to the end of the fruit season. A
small orchard well cared for, will pay
better than a large neglected orchard.

RYE FOR WINTER PASTURE.—Rye
will grow on any moderately rich
ground. It should be sown in the fall.
After it has advanced so as to stand
out, it is not greatly damaged by the
tramping of a reasonable amount of
stock. Indeed, the crop of the com-
ing season will be rather benefited
by turning stock upon it. In the
spring, after grass has started, stock
can be taken from the rye, and a good
crop will be secured.

Sometimes farmers choose to turn
hogs and cattle into their fields of ma-
tured rye. Hogs and stock will im-
prove greatly by this treatment. The
straw will prove an excellent manure
for the ground, and plowed and worked
in well will greatly enrich the soil.
This is a Southern and popular prac-
tice.—Farmer.

The late Jeremiah Mason was once
engaged in a famous trial, in which
some good Methodist brethren were
concerned. One morning, when the
Court opened, an over zealous friend
of his client's came to him, and in a solemn
whisper said: "Mr. Mason, Mr. Mason, I
had a vision last night. Gabriel ap-
peared to me and told me that Borth-
er A was innocent. No mistake about it.
"Very well," said the man of law, not
so much as lifting his huge head from
over the table on which he was writing,
"very well; better have Gabriel subor-
nead immediately.

A FUNNY INCIDENT.

Look to Your "Extra's" Girls.

About half past 12 o'clock yesterday,
says the Memphis Appeal, of Monday,
as people were returning from church,
a lady, dressed in the very height of
fashion, with a gorgeous Grecian Bend,
of magnificent proportions, tripped
down Main Street in the most approved
style, like a cat treading on eggs. Just
as she reached the corner of Main and
Jefferson Streets, where the "gentles
most do congregate," a newspaper,
neatly folded, slipped from under her
skirts, and fell on the sidewalk. A polite
"mackeril" saw it fall, and called
out to her that she had "dropped sum-
thin," but she kept her eyes fixed on
vacancy, and moved straight ahead
without appearing to hear him. A few
steps further, another had fell from the
same region, and there was a diminution
of the size of the hump on her back.
The boy yelled after her again, "I say,
Missis, you're losing all your papers!"
The only sign she gave of hearing him
was a quickening in her pace, as if she
were anxious to get away from those
diggings as soon as possible. A kind-
hearted lady, who was walking behind
her, and understood the situation, at
this moment hurried up alongside, and
whispered to her that she was losing her
bend. This information caused her to
turn into a friendly stairway near by
to repair damages; but just as she put
her foot on the door-way, an enormous
bundle of papers, a hundred or so in
number, dropped from her skirts and
rolled on the banquette. The "mack-
eril" indignant at the treatment he had
received, and the apparent disdain with
which his polite attentions had been
met, on this rushed forward, and seiz-
ing the bundle of papers, startled the
Sabbath stillness on the streets with
"Ere's your extra! Latest from the
seat of war!" The lady, it is needless
to say, didn't stop to take an "extra."

Affecting Incidents.

The late terrible floods at Harper's
Ferry developed much individual hero-
ism. The Rev. Dr. Dutton and family
lived in a brick house on Hart's Island.
On Friday night, the foundation of his
house began to give way, and stepping
out into the hall, he was struck by a
falling timber and fell senseless to the
floor. Mrs. Dutton signalled to the
house immediately opposite, a strong
building, and from the second story a
rope was thrown to her. She tied this
around one of the servant girls, and she
was drawn across the street to the op-
posite house, through water fifteen feet
deep. The rope was returned, the other
servant sent over in the same manner,
and then the still unconscious husband,
and last the heroic wife herself crossed the
flood, after she had seen her household
safely over.

James Shippe, of Overton's Island,
took his wife, to whom he had been
married but five months, on his back,
and swam with the flood, hoping to
strike a tree or some other safe refuge.
After struggling with the current for
about 500 yards, he caught at the
water tank, on Hall's Island, and he
attempted at least ten times to get hold
of it, but the waves washed him away.
His wife entreated him to let her go,
and save himself. "You are not pre-
pared to die, my dear husband, and I
hope that I am," were her last words.
He next caught hold of the branches of
a floating tree, on which he supported
himself for a few minutes, and lifting
up his wife's head, which he had been
unable to keep above water, he found
that she was dead.—Post.

A FAMILY POISONED.—On Friday
last, the 7th inst., the family of Jesse
Brothers, living two miles north of
Mitchellville, near Trullinger Grove,
were poisoned by eating tomato butter
that had been cooked in a brass kettle.
The family consists of six persons and
it is feared two or three of them will
die. It has long been known that the
cooking of such stuff as tomatoes in
brass kettles is dangerous.—Iowa State
Register.

A fascinating youth, of Louisville,
was very badly sold by the matron of
the Kentucky State Prison, in whose
daughter he seemed to evince a very
strong interest, while travelling in a
railway car. Thinking that the flirta-
tion had continued long enough, she
suddenly changed her seat to the side
of the young man, and whispered in
his ear, "Sir, you are a total stranger to
me, but I feel it my duty to inform
you, in order to warn you of impending
evil, that that young lady is just out of
the State Prison. A passenger was
seen to alight at the next station.

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All Kinds of Blacksmithing done on Short
Notice, and to the Satisfaction of Customers,
and at Reasonable Rates.
Special attention paid to Horse-Shoeing.
Oct. 27, 1870. FRENCH & McMAHON. 34-1y

REMEMBER!
TEXT THE
INDEPENDENCE HOTEL
Has been RE-FITTED, and no pains is now
spared to make all who may call Comfortable
and Happy.
A good Stable is kept in connection with the
House. Call and see us.
Oct. 27, 1870. JEREMIAH GALWICK. 34-1y

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Physician and Surgeon,
Dallas, Ogn.
Having resumed practice, will give special
attention to Obstetrics, and the treatment of
the diseases of Women and Children.
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Underwood, Barker & Co,
WAGON MAKERS,
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MANUFACTURE ALL KINDS OF WAG-
ONS after the most approved styles and
the best of workmanship, on short notice, and
AT PORTLAND PRICES!
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Saddlery, Harness,
S. C. STILES,
Main st. (opposite the Court House), Dallas.

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars,
Cheek Lines, etc., etc., of all kinds, which he is
prepared to sell at the lowest living rates.
REPAIRING done on short notice.

GAITERS.—DO YOU WANT SOME
Fine Cloth Gaiters? If so, supply your-
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J. H. LEWIS'S.

QUEENSWARE IN ABUNDANCE
At
J. H. LEWIS'S.

BANK EXCHANGE SALON,
Main street, : : : Dallas, Ogn.

WINES, LIQUORS, PORTER, ALE
Bitters, Cigars, Candies, Oysters,
and Sardines will be served to gen-
tlemen on the outside of the counter, by a gen-
tleman who has an eye to "bit" on the inside.
So come along, boys; make no delay, and
we will soon hear what you have to say.
W. F. CLINGAN. 32

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Importers and Dealers in
FURNITURE
AND
BEDDING.

The Largest Stock and the Oldest Fur-
niture House in Portland.
WAREHOUSES AND FACTORY
CORNER SALMON AND FIRST STREETS,
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LA CREOLE ACADEMY,
Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.
MR. M. M. OGLESBY.....PRINCIPAL.
MISS C. A. WATT.....ASSISTANT.

This Institution was Re-opened on Mon-
day, the 31st of October. The Teachers are
determined to do everything in their power to
make this School second to none, of its grade,
in the State. They earnestly solicit the hearty
Co-operation of the Community, and a Liberal
Patronage from the Public.

EXPENSES.
PRIMARY, per Term.....\$1 00
COMMON ENGLISH, per Term..... 6 00
HIGHER ENGLISH, per Term..... 8 00
Latin or French Language, Two Dollars
Extra.

These figures will be greatly reduced by the
application of the Endowment Fund. All
Students entering the School will share equally
the benefit of this Fund.
Students will not be admitted for a less
period than a Half Term. Charges will be
made from the time of Entering.
No deduction made for Absence, except in
case of protracted Sickness.
N. LEE, Chairman Ex. Com.
W. M. HOWE, Sec. of Board.

WOOL WANTED.
THE ELLENDALE MILL COMPANY
will give the highest market price for
wool, delivered at their factory in Polk Co.,
Their Store is also open, with a general as-
ortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware,
&c. 2-f

NOTICE.
THOSE INDEBTED TO THE FIRM OF
W. C. BROWN & Co. are requested to come for-
ward and settle their notes and accounts, as
the business of the late firm must be settled
without further delay.
W. C. BROWN & Co.,
Dallas, Ogn., August 24, 1870. 26-1f

JENNINGS LODGE NO. 9, O. E. F.
& A. M., Dallas, holds its regular com-
munications on the Saturday preceding
the Full Moon in each month, unless the moon
falls on Saturday—then on that day, at one
o'clock.
Also, on the second Friday in each month
at 7 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of improve-
ment of the Craft in Masonry, and for such
other work as the Master may from time
to time order.
All Brethren in good standing are invited
attend By order of the W. M.